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Sonnets
to a
Lover

Myrtle Reed

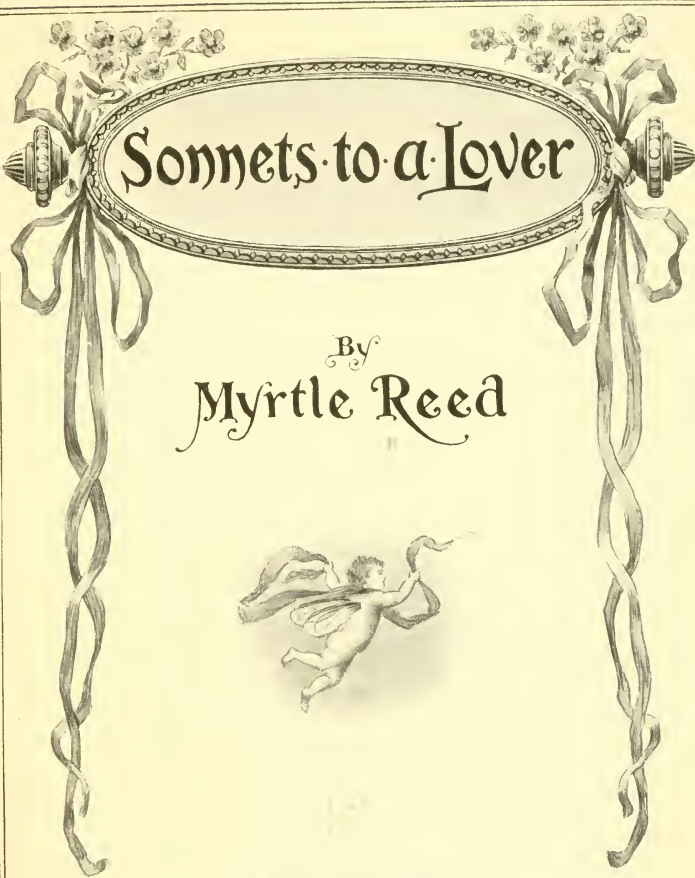


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A decorative border featuring floral sprigs at the top corners and long, twisted ribbons hanging down the sides. The ribbons are tied into bows at the top, framing the title area.

Sonnets to a Lover

By
Myrtle Reed



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To
J. S. McC.

J. S. McC.

The author desires to make acknowledgment for the courtesy of the editors of *The Smart Set*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *Ainslee's Magazine*, and *The Associated Sunday Magazines*, who have given their permission to reprint in this volume certain sonnets originally published in their several periodicals.

Contents

| | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Choice | 2 |
| Confession | 4 |
| Love's Blindness | 6 |
| The Storm | 8 |
| The North Star | 10 |
| An Old Love Song | 12 |
| The Water of Forgetfulness | 14 |
| Sunset on the Shore | 16 |
| Violets | 18 |
| Roses | 20 |
| Where Sea and River Meet | 22 |
| Dream River | 24 |
| Outward Bound | 26 |
| Waiting | 28 |
| The Tide | 30 |
| Your Roses | 32 |

| | PAGE |
|-------------------------------|------|
| Love's Afternoon | 34 |
| Star-Break | 36 |
| The Path | 38 |
| The Lovelight | 40 |
| The House of Pain | 42 |
| Forgiveness | 44 |
| A Violin | 46 |
| Weaving | 48 |
| At Twilight | 50 |
| The Last Journey | 52 |
| Night | 54 |
| A Lost April | 56 |
| A Robin in the Rain | 58 |
| Devotion | 60 |
| Tokens | 62 |
| An Old Garden | 64 |
| Lavender | 66 |
| Harvest | 68 |
| The Vineyard | 70 |
| Indian Summer | 72 |

| | PAGE |
|--------------------------|------|
| Crowned | 74 |
| The Last Time | 76 |
| Aftermath | 78 |
| Absence | 80 |
| Winter | 82 |
| Old Letters | 84 |
| Death and Love | 86 |
| Afterward | 88 |

Sonnets to a Lover

Choice



HE eyes of one shall open on
the morn

Where sunrise fires stain
white peaks afar,

Another in the valley, where no star
Breaks on the gloom, of sea and midnight
born;

And where the poppies riot through the
corn

The one, unshod, may pass with wound
nor scar—

The other's struggling hands no gates
unbar;

Thus one shall have the rose and one the
thorn,

If I could choose and could not be denied,
Thy way would lie in many a sunny field
While through the night my thorny
path would be;
Forever in the dark would I abide
And I would be thy solace and thy shield,
If I could choose—if I could choose
for thee!

Confession



DEAR, wouldst thou have me
say how much I care,
And send the scarlet flood into
my cheek?

Shall I forget my womanhood and
speak?

Before thee must my inmost self lie
bare?

I have no thought I would not have
thee share,

And yet my faltering words must prove
too weak

If I would give the knowledge thou
dost seek

Of love that is not passion, but a prayer.

Ah, chide me not, Heart's Dearest—let
me feel

Down deep within my soul the stead-
fast trust

That only those who truly love may
know;

Forgive me if my lips may not reveal
The crimson roses hidden in my dust—
I cannot speak because I love thee
so!

Love's Blindness



O fault in me? And wouldst
thou have me take
My lover's tender words and
deem them true?

What if my sight should find perfection,
too,

And thus another grievous error make?
I would the dream were real for thy
dear sake,

Since with a greater gladness thou
couldst woo

Were I a goddess, not a woman who
Must fear and tremble lest thou shouldst
awake.

No fault in me? Dear Heart, it is thy
love

That with transfiguring mist has veiled
thine eyes

To make thy vision of me always
kind;

And so I pray, to Him enthroned above,

That to thy height of beauty I may rise,

Or else God keep thee still divinely
blind.

The Storm



WILD winds that grow to
fury scourge and lash
The threatening sea that
echoes back their cries;

Before the storm a single sea-gull flies
While whitening breaker legions meet
and crash.

The wind and tide in deadly battle clash,
Where tattered surges in swift anger
rise

To thunder back the challenge that de-
fies

The darkened sky, torn by the lightning's
flash.

I fear no storm, within thy sheltering
arm,
Nor yet the thronging thunders, nor the
dark,
Nor booming breakers through the
midnight hurled;
Thou art my Captain, shielding me from
harm,
And through the tempests thou wilt
guide my bark
Past all the rocks and dangers of
the world.

The North Star



N realms of night, ere dawn
and day began,
Amid the vaulted dark this
star was set,

And shining with unchanging splendor
yet

It guides the faltering steps of wayworn
man.

Adrift at sea, the troubled pilots scan
The stormy heavens and frowning
clouds that let

No single gleam of white or violet
Upon the zenith's dark and threatening
span.

And even as the storm-tossed sailor lifts
Bewildered eyes to midnight's hollow
sphere
And guides his course by steady
lights above,
So through the darkness, broken into rifts,
I never yet have failed to find thee,
Dear,
Nor have I lost the compass of thy
love.

An Old Love Song



S if upon my heart-strings
softly played
By angel hands that touch
the chords unseen,

Through all the dead sweet years that
lie between,
There comes the music of a serenade.
Of olden dreams the melody is made,
Of violets that bloom amid the green;
And like a benediction, calm, serene,
A gentle peace upon my soul is laid.

And yet, forgive me if the hot tears start,
When at the end the deep chords seem
to pause
And great arpeggios swell out clear
and strong,
For thou hast kept the sun within my
heart
And I must weep for very joy because
Our years of love are mingled with
the song.

The Water of Forgetfulness



Y Stygian shores a sunless
river flows,
Through barren fields and
desert wastes of sand;
And on its marge strange, ghostly
travellers stand
To touch the sombre flood and find
repose.
One draught of Lethe and there comes
to those
Who journey to that undiscovered
strand,
A peace unknown upon this troubled
land,
Which slowly into marble calmness
grows.

Some day I too, from thy dear arms
 withdrawn,
On that last voyage sped by prayer
 and dirge,
 Shall stand with those who wait be-
 side the stream;
But though beyond me lies immortal
 dawn,
I take no cup of peace from that grim
 surge
If thus my heart shall lose its earthly
 dream.

Sunset on the Shore



HE last white banners of
the fleeting day
Had trailed along the sum-
mit of the hill,

And, as a maid to lover's kiss a-thrill,
A crimson flush upon the waters lay ;
Soft, tangled lights shone through the
irised spray

That gleamed afar with alien splen-
dor, till

The thronging sea-bird's plaintive
notes were still,

And sunset changed to shadow, then to
gray.

But, out across the sea that moved so
slow,
As half asleep and dreaming of the
clime
Where yesterday these tides had
laved the shore,
There stole the tender light of after-
glow—
Like love that lingers for a little time,
And leaves remembered sweetness
evermore.

Violets



HOLD thy violets against
my face

And deeply breathe the
haunting, purple scent

That fills my weary heart with sweet
content

And lays upon my soul a chrismal
grace;

The air around me for a little space
Is heavy with the fragrance they have
lent,

And every passing wind that heaven-
ward went

Has held thy blossoms in a close
embrace.

I think I love the violets best of all
Because of that hushed sweetness, far
and faint
As star-dust through the darkness
dimly sown;
Forever do they hold my sense in thrall,
My spirit kneels as to some imaged
saint—
For they—and thou—were made to
be my own.

Roses



DEEP dews of June upon
thy roses lay,

Of April rains and Summer
sweetness wrought,

And chalice'd in the blossoms thou
hast brought

To give me pleasure for a fleeting day.

Love's dearest, sweetest messengers are
they,

For, like a bee in satin petals caught,
May hide an unsuspected tender
thought

That every opening flower must betray.

And haply, if sometimes I find surcease
Of tears and sorrow in a lover's gift
That with its clustered bloom my
breast adorns,
It is because thy love has brought me
peace,
And made through cloud and storm a
starry rift—
Because with roses thou hast hid
my thorns.

Where Sea and River Meet



HE tide goes out, and in its
peace serene

The river dreams all through
the afternoon,

Or, turning drowsily, begins to croon
A lullaby along its banks of green;
And then, through rising mist but dimly
seen,

There gleams a silvered star and
crescent moon,

The great deep faintly chanting prayer
and rune

Across the stretch of sand that lies
between.

The tide comes in, and with the
passioned flow,
The river's heart goes out to find the
sea,
Its utmost waters moving toward
the sun;
And so, together, Life and Love must
go—
Where sea and river meet, thy love
for me
And mine for thee must rise and be
as one.

Dream River



LONG the Fields of Sleep
the river strays
Where in the sun the golden
water glows

As with a drowsy melody it flows
Through woodland aisles and scented
forest ways;
And like the dew a Summer morning
lays
Upon the petals of an opening rose,
The mist-veiled eyes of tired dreamers
close
With soft enchantment resting on their
gaze.

Amid the clover where the wild bees
hum

And passing silver sunbeams gently
sift

Their garnered treasure into meadow
grass,

I wait, my dearest, till God lets thee
come—

Until adown Dream River we may
drift

And gather slumber lilies as we pass.

Outward Bound



WHEN on the unknown deep
there comes a sail,
Outlined in shadow on the
darkened sea,
When far beyond the Captain calls to
me,
And I alone can hear his searching hail;
Why should I fear to pass beyond the
pale
And say a long farewell to love and
thee,
When, set on whitening lips so ten-
derly,
Thy lover's kiss no longer may avail?

When all is done, I have no fear nor
dread,
So when the Captain calls me, speak
me fair
And hold my hand a moment in
thine own;
For I should love thee still though I
were dead,
And past the waste of waters find thee
there—
Sweetheart! I know I cannot die
alone!

Waiting



OMETIMES, when sunset
skies are overcast,
And I have lived my day as
best I know,

I fall to dreaming, and remember so
The golden hours that shimmered as
they passed.

Sometimes, when tired eyes are filling
fast,

I hear thy footfalls near me, hushed
and slow;

I feel thy kiss upon my hand and
grow

Toward the calm of perfect peace at
last.

Sometimes my lonely soul cries out for
thee,

My hungry heart pleads for thee, deep
within,

Then once again I hear thy dear
voice call;

Ah, Sweetheart, say that in Eternity

God gives us back these long-lost
years, and in

A blinding instant we shall find them
all.

The Tide



AR out at sea the whitening
waves grow dim
And in a filmy cloud the
veiled stars hide ;

The wind has risen on the waters
wide
And brought the breakers to the very
brim.
But yonder, by the dark cloud's shining
rim,
She moves in beauty, and the restless
tide
Will pulse around the earth as she
may guide
And chant the stately measures of a
hymn.

But, ere her gentle radiance shall fade,
The stormy, passioned surge will wait
at flood,
Its longing music hushed to softest
croon ;
And like the tide thy wish have I
obeyed
With answer in my heart and in my
blood—
I love thee as the sea hath loved
the moon!

Your Roses



OUR roses die; the fallen
petals blow
Across my room with every
wandering breeze
That stirs the drooping boughs of
yonder trees
And makes faint music on the shore
below;
So still it is, a rose itself might go
Star-like, amid the night's dim mys-
teries.
And, keeping shadowy tryst with one
of these,
Breathe crimson fragrance to a rose of
snow.

Your roses die—the petals fade and fall;
The late moon lies upon bare hearts
of gold
And even these, to-morrow, will be
gone;
But yet, to-morrow, when my heart
shall call,
How yours will leap to answer as of
old!
Your roses die, but oh, your love
lives on!

Love's Afternoon



HE sunset radiance on far
heights has lain
And in hushed murmur flows
the singing stream;
Amid the maples Autumn splendors
gleam,
And shadows slowly creep upon the
plain.
Soft purple dusk lies on the fields of
grain
And whispered notes of drowsy robins
seem
Like distant echoes from the hills of
dream,
Or like the cadence of an April rain.

If Love, like dawn and morning, fades
away,

If only once there comes this thing
sublime,

If Love's sweet year holds but a
single June—

I will not ask from God another day,
Nor plead for Spring again at harvest-
time,

But walk toward night with thee,
through afternoon.

Star=Break



S if by magic sunset gates
unbar
And through the portals Day
goes home to rest;
The crimson clouds, massed in the
golden west,
Foundations of celestial cities are.
The flaming beacons shed their light
afar
Till twilight comes upon the mountain
crest;
Gray shadows deepen on Night's quiet
breast,
That bears the jewel of a single star.

Then out upon the meadows, strangely
white,
Where like a ghostly veil lies autumn
mist,
The thousand lights of heaven softly
shine.
Like this thy love has risen on my
night,
Thy arms around me keep a lover's
tryst—
Star-break and thee, and thy lips
close on mine!

The Path



WE know not where our hidden
way may lie,
What stress and storm the
coming years may hold ;
The midday heats and midnights drear
and cold
May meet us on our journey far or nigh—
Yet step by step we go, till by-and-bye
The mystic tapestries of Fate unfold ;
When weary past believing, gray and
old,
We reach the end together—thou and I.

On eyes grown dim the mists of blind-
ness creep,
The pulse moves slower still, and
sorrows fade,
But even then we may not under-
stand;
Yet God still giveth His beloved sleep—
Oh, Heart of Mine, why should we be
afraid
If only night may find us hand in
hand!

The Lovelight



STRONG surges of the world
around thee roll

And high thy pulses burn at
fever heat

Amid the thousands in the city street
Whose eyes are strained to see a distant
goal.

The human tide moves far past thy
control

And weary grow thy hastening, eager
feet,

When heavy-eyed despair has come
to beat

With sickening terrors on thy tired soul.

My soldier, no! I will not have thee
fail!

What though untoward Fate against
thee seems

And far afield has ever made thee
roam?

Thy steadfast courage must at last pre-
vail,

And through the lattice-lights my can-
dle gleams

To lead thee safely back to love
and home.

The House of Pain



AIN rears her castles where
the mighty dwell
And side by side with them
the humblest kneel;

The trembling hands that grope in
darkness feel

Unyielding walls around their prison-
cell.

She sits amid her rue and asphodel
With sorrow on her distaff and her
reel;

Forever toiling at her loom and wheel
With warp and woof she weaves her
grievous spell.

And yet a captive, in torn garments
clad,
Who with uplifted face goes singing
by
Hath sometimes changed a bitter
loss to gain;
For God hath strangely mingled sweet
with sad
And in the thorns a hidden rose may
lie,
Since Love lives ever in the House
of Pain.

Forgiveness



DEAR, why shouldst thou for
my forgiveness plead
And take the blame in
knightly lover's way,
When thou must know I could not
tell thee nay,
Since my unfailing pardon is thy meed?
Of my mistakes thou hast not taken
heed,
But yet I fear thy clearer vision may
Discern behind thy dream my faulty
clay—
Then of thy grace shall I have greater
need.

Forgive thee, dearest? It were passing
strange

To grant thee pardon for a single
fault

When all of mine must balance
with thy one;

I have thy love, beyond the reach of
change,

Which all my erring future must
exalt—

And I forgive thee all thou hast not
done.

A Violin



ARK night and storm and
passioned breakers' din,
The sea-bird's note, the vast-
ness of the tide

And softest winds that through the
forest sighed

Are with this fibre strangely woven in.
The organ tones of surge and sea begin
Within this mystic temple, sanctified
By all the vanished years that, ere
they died,
Had hid their sweetness in a violin.

Some day the buried music shall be
found

When master hands awake the sleeping
voice

To some great song that in crescendo
rings ;

And thus, as silence changed to rapturous
sound,

My wakened heart must evermore
rejoice

Because thy fingers touched the
hidden strings.

Weaving



SOMBRE web is laid upon
my loom

Where for a little space my
hands must weave

Whatever pattern passing Fate may
leave

Upon the threshold of my darkened
room.

No roses 'neath my trembling fingers
bloom,

Loose threads and errors I cannot
retrieve,

And ever with a sore despair I grieve,
For stars have never broken on my
gloom.

When at the last my tears have ceased
to flow,

When life tides wait forever at the ebb,
And Master hands my tapestries
unroll,

From pleading lips the cry will come, I
know :

“Dear God, forgive! In that uneven
web

There lies enmeshed a loving
woman's soul!”

At Twilight



WHEN twilight creeps upon
thy life and mine,
And on the margin of the
sea we stand,
Will some forgotten light gleam on
the sand,
Or some lost star in shadow faintly
shine?
Shall we find friendly beacons, or a sign
To lead us safely to the unknown land
That lies in far-off beauty, when my
hand
Slips softly for the last time into thine?

When twilight falls, and, hidden in our
dust,
No rose of youth our dimming eyes
discern,
When darkness comes upon us from
above ;
Shall we still have unstained our life-
long trust ?
Dear God ! Thy utmost lessons we
will learn,
And not complain—if we may keep
our love !

The Last Journey



OME day the winding path
that we have trod,
Its changing purpose ever
unrevealed,

Will lead us safely to a sunny field
Where white and crimson clover breaks
the sod.

Some day, when we have passed beneath
the rod,

Our harvest at the best a barren yield,
The heartaches and the pain shall all
be healed

By that white peace which is the gift of
God.

And yet a little longer I would wait,
The while thy sands of life still slowly
run,
Until for thee the sunny fields unbar;
Yes, I will stand beside the meadow gate
Till thy last journey, too, is almost
done
And on the clover faintly gleams a
star.

Night



DOWN the lane come flocks
of weary sheep

With muffled tinklings to
the waiting fold;

Dim grayness lies upon the sun's last
gold,

And timid stars into the shadow creep.

A gracious darkness on the rocky steep

Has fallen where the drowsy sheep-
bells tolled,

And far afield the drooping poppies
hold

Within their dusky petals softest sleep.

Twilight and hush, and then the mystic
hours

When Dian moves along her starry
ways,

From day-long bondage of the sun
set free;

My soul has opened as night-blooming
flowers

That fear the heat and splendor of the
days—

Ah, Love, 't is night, and I am wait-
ing thee!

A Lost April



S this September? In a
golden light

The sudden rain has passed,
and sparkling dew

Is dripping from the trees, each drop
pierced through

With quivering sun-threads, shining sil-
ver white.

The thrush's note ascends in rapturous
flight,

And every meadow-lark that upward
flew

From clover fields at dawn is singing,
too,

As if there were no Autumn and no
night.

Is this September? Nay, for on the
earth

In radiant beauty April treads again,
And wooes the robins with her
smiles and tears.

And so, if dead Spring has another birth,
We have not lost our love's first
sweetness, then—

It waits somewhere adown the aisle
of years.

A Robin in the Rain



THE springtime rains have
beaten on the trees
And taken fragrant tribute
from them all;
Crushed apple-blossoms lie upon the
wall
Forsaken by the faithless honey-bees.
The saddest of the vernal days are
these—
With every passing wind wet petals
fall,
The birds forget their tender mating
call
And sing no more their joyous melodies.

Nay, listen! Like the voice of silvered
flute,

In brave, sweet cadence ever rippling
on,

A hidden robin pipes his cheery
strain!

Ah, Love! Thy lips and mine are sadly
mute

When for the moment sun and hope
are gone—

We have not faith to sing amid the
rain!

Devotion

(After Schumann)



THOUGH I were blind, thy
face I still should see
As last upon thine eyes the
lovelight lay;

If trembling lips were mute that fain
would pray,
Though I were dumb, my heart would
speak to thee;
If snow and flame should seem alike to
me,
Thy touch would wake its answer in
my clay,
Though bound in silence, I should
hear thee say:
“I love thee, Sweet, for all eternity.”

Thou art the star within my world of
night,

Thou art the music I have longed to
hear,

Thou art my loving speech, that
softly stole

Upon my lips as dawn upon the sight;

Thou art my tenderness—my roses,
Dear—

I am a woman and thou art my
soul.

Tokens



CRUSH the faded roses
into dust

Then cast their fragrant
ashes on the air,

A gift to secret winds that waft them
where

No eyes may mark fulfilment of the
trust;

I hold the violets a moment, just

To live once more the hour when they
were fair;

The yellowed letters lie beside them
there,

So sweet I cannot burn them—as I must!

Yet, after all, I count the tokens naught
Since in thy heart the roses grow for
me

And every violet brings me the
whole

Of thy great tenderness and loving
thought—

Like some illumined missal, words
from thee

Are lettered on the pages of my
soul.

An Old Garden



LONG the wall the length-
ening shadows creep
And questing honey bees
have homeward flown
O'er meadow grass and weeds now
overgrown
Upon the crimson clover lying deep.
Strange sentinels the larkspur's watches
keep
And drowsily the thistledown is blown;
White morning-glories vagrant blooms
have sown
Where that forgotten garden lies asleep.

Far down the path, beside the broken
gate,

In seeming portent stands a cypress
tree;

And royal, lonely, like a thing apart,
A single golden rose has challenged
Fate.

Thus at the last may it be given me
To sleep with thy dead roses on my
heart.

Lavender



THE memory of old gardens
gently clings
Around these broken flowers,
now gray and dead,
While childish dreams and visions
long since fled,
Come back once more on swift and
kindly wings.
Again the meadow-lark at sunrise sings,
And fairy webs all through the wood-
land spread,
With drops of crystal strung on every
thread,
Bring back the sweetness of forgotten
Springs.

The lavender is dead, yet 't is not death,
For stores of snowy linen, finely spun,
Shall hold its subtle fragrance
through the year.

And so, as linen scented by its breath,
In all my life must be a little sun
Because I know that thou hast loved
me, Dear!

Harvest



HE slanting beams of after-
noon have traced,
Where slender shafts of
ripening grain unfold,
A mystic pattern wrought of palest
gold,
With blood-red poppies closely inter-
laced.
And so the distant harvest-fields are
graced
With drifted blooms that wander
uncontrolled,
And when night's dusky fabrics are
unrolled,
In every chaliced cup a pearl is placed.

So when my doubtful harvest shall
begin,
With such small store of grain as
chaff can yield,
And I have naught to give that may
atone,
I know the Reaper, searching far within,
Will grant me pardon for my barren
field
Because thy poppies in my wheat
have grown.

The Vineyard



UPON the hill beyond the
grove of pine
All through the vineyard
tiny tendrils run,
Where, marked with fleeting shadow
and with sun,
The shimmering leaves and fragrant
creepers twine;
September here has made her sparkling
wine
And, in the silences of night begun,
The fairy spinners mystic lace have
spun
Around the clustered purple of the vine.

So through the world's vast vineyard
 thou and I
Are pledged to travel onward side by
 side
And walk upon the way that He has
 willed.
Though saddest failure in our cups may
 lie
When we have trod the grapes, He
 will not chide,
Because with love our wine has
 been distilled.

Indian Summer



PURPLE haze lies on the
distant hill

And fallow fields an alien
beauty wear;

There seems mysterious promise in the
air

Which passing Summer lingers to fulfil.

The silvery music of the tinkling rill

Has died away as if in silent prayer;

The winds have left the murmuring
maples bare

And all the woodland ways are strangely
still.

December waits, with winding-sheets of
snow,
And that fair field, a-thrill to Autumn's
kiss,
A sleeper in an unmarked grave
shall be;
They say love hath its seasons; even so
The Winter in my heart must be like
this,
Because through Summer I have
walked with thee.

Crowned



HEAR no coronation
hymns ascend
Where loyal peoples marble
arches raise;

Within no palace halls I pass my
days,
Before my throne no lords and ladies
bend.
No trumpet-tongued salutes my paths
attend
Nor cries of silver bugles sound my
praise;
For me no fires of splendid triumph
blaze—
I have no mighty kingdom to defend.

Yet I am royal, for thy lips have said :

“My queen, I love thee even more
than life,

And my believing heart to thee I
bring.”

So hast thou placed a crown upon my
head

And brought me purple with the name
of wife,

Because thou art my lover and my
king.

The Last Time



OMEDAY the slanting sun-
beams on the floor
To one of us will give no
kindly light,
For all the world will change to
darkest night
The hour the Reaper pauses at our door;
Someday a heart that hungers, stabbed
and sore,
Will strive to bear its bitter cross
aright;
With hands that falter, and with
dimming sight
The one will seek the other evermore. .

So let each word be tender, and the
touch

So gentle, grow each day more gentle
still,

For Love's dear day will vanish all
too fast;

And, at the end, since we have loved so
much,

A lingering peace the sore heart may
distil—

Remembering the kiss that was the
last.

Aftermath



HE reapers sing amid the
ripened grain,
While in the Autumn sun
the sickles gleam,
And far afield the silken poppies seem
To spread their splendid scarlet all in
vain;
The harvest moon swings slowly up
again
In majesty resplendent and supreme,
Then like the far, faint darkness of a
dream,
A purple twilight comes upon the plain.

Down in the stubble silvery cobwebs
shine

As if in answer to September's kiss

A strange and ghostly beauty Earth
should yield;

And if Death should divide thy love from
mine

Upon my life would come a peace
like this—

The memory of the harvest on the
field.

Absence



THOU art so far away I
cannot claim
The incense of thy love
before my shrine,
Nor thrill in answer to a touch of
thine,
Nor hear thy voice make music of my
name;
My tenderness for thee I may not frame,
Since words are weak to show this
heart of mine,
And, being woman, I must make no
sign,
Lest change should come and flood my
soul with shame.

Sometime, someday, if God's great purpose is
To give us Heaven while we linger here,
Thy lost, beloved face mine eyes shall see;
Yet if that deep desire be not His,
Across the thousand leagues I love thee, Dear,
And still before us waits Eternity.

Winter



PON my casement wintry
winds may blow
From barren wastes and up-
lands bleak and chill,
While cold and bare, above the distant
hill,
The last light lies upon a crown of
snow;
Athwart the shivering pines the sleet
may go
The Storm King's dreaded vengeance
to fulfil
Where icy streams are waiting, deathly
still,
Their gentle music hushed in fear and
woe.

And yet I have no Winter, since thy
hand

Has led me where eternal beauty lies,
I have no night save lingering
afternoon;

We walk together in the Summer land,
For earth has someway changed to
Paradise—

Ah, Heart of Mine, with thee 't is
always June!

Old Letters



READ the yellowed pages
o'er and o'er,
By breath of long-dead roses
faintly stirred;

And as by magic every written word
Flames sweet and strong with love and
life once more.

For here thy heart hath laid its tender
store

And here my waiting soul hath dimly
heard

The fluted song of some forgotten
bird

Since Memory's angel paused within my
door

What though thy grass-grown grave
shall come between?

What though the reaches of Eternity
Shall keep thy lips from mine
through slow-shod years?

We learned together all that love may
mean;

There is no need of speech 'twixt thee
and me;

And yet—Sweetheart! Thy kiss—
and then my tears!

Death and Love



HE one is wracked with
grief and bent with age,
And on his world-scarred face
there comes no gleam
Nor human touch that haply may
redeem
The common ending of our pilgrimage;
The other's childish laughter flouts the
sage,
Bids him forget his wisdom, makes
him dream,
And as by magic, with his touch
supreme,
He turns to gold the humblest heritage.

These two are friends, for on the self-
same road

They fare together, with hand clasping
hand,

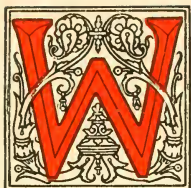
Where asphodel and roses break the
sod;

'T is Love who shares with Death his
heavy load,

'T is Death who close by careless
Love doth stand,

And, side by side, they point the
way to God.

Afterward



HEN Death's white poppies
rest upon my eyes,
As if my last rebellion He
forgave,

When through the transept and the
vaulted nave
The solemn measures of my requiem
rise,
Think not that in the dust before thee
lies
Thy heart of hearts, beyond thy
strength to save
From secret hiding in a distant grave,
For thou hast still the love that never
dies.

So kneel beside me, Dearest, with thy
palm

Laid on my face in that old tender-
ness

Too great for words, since there is
no regret

'Twixt thee and me, and when the
chanted psalm

Has softly changed to prayer and
holiness,

Think not, oh soul of mine, that I
forget!

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